

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Vng be y^e heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States;
Brandish your crytall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That haue contented vnto Henries death:
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sonne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourne we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:

Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtil-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verbes haue contriue'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.

Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.

None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;

In stead of Gold, wee'll offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combar with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then Iulius Caesar, or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyfours, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?

If Henry were recall'd to life againe,

These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:

And whilst a Field should be dispatcht and fought,

You are disputing of your Generals.

One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;

Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:

A third thinks, without expence at all,

By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.

Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,

Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;

Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes

Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,

These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:

Giue me my Steele Coat, Ile fight for France.

Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;

Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,

To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,

Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims:

The Bastard of Orleans with him is ioyn'd:

Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,

The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?

O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

An Army haue I musterd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearse,

I must informe you of a dismall fight,

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.

Winch. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?

3. Mess. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrowne:

The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,

Retyring from the Siege of Orleans,

Hauiug full scarce six thousand in his troupe,

By three and twentie thousand of the French

Was round compassed, and set vpon:

No leysure had he to enranke his men.

He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:

In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,

To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.

More then three houres the fight continued:

Where valiant Talbot, about humane thought,

Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:

Here, there, and quere where enrag'd, he slew.

The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,

All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,

A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd our amaine,

And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaille.

Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,

If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward.

He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,

With purpose to relieue and follow them,

Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.

Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:

Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A bafe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,

Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,

Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,

Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is Talbot slaine then? I will slay my selfe,

For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,

Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,

Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.

Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,

His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:

Four of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my

Bonfires in France forthwith

To keepe our great Saint Georges

Ten thousand Souldiers with

Whose bloody deeds shall

3. Mess. So you had ne

The English Army is grow

The Earle of Salisbury crau

And hardly keeps his men

Since they so few, watch suc

Exe. Remember Lords y

Eyther to quell the Dolphin

Or bring him in obedience

Bedf. I doe remember it

To goe about my preparati

Gloster. Ile to the Tower w

To view th' Artillerie and M

And then I will proclayne y

Exe. To Eltam will I, w

Being ordayn'd his speciall

And for his safetie there Ile

Winch. Each hath his Pla

I am left out; for me nothin

But long I will not be Jack

The King from Eltam I inte

And sit at chiefest Sterne o

Sound a

Enter Charles, Alanson

with Drum

Charles. Mars his true mo

So in the Earth, to this day i

Late did he shine vpon the E

Now we are Victors, vpon v

What Townes of any mom

At pleasure here we lye, nee

Otherwhiles, the famisht En

Faintly besiege vs one hour

Alan. They want their Pon

Eyther they must be dyeted

And haue their Proudner

Or pitteous they will looke

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Si

Talbot is taken, whom we

Remayneth none but mad-

And he may well in fretting

Nor men nor Money hath h

Charles. Sound, found A

Now for the honour of the

Him I forgive my death, th

When he sees me goe back

Here Alarum, they

English, w

Enter Charles, Al

Charles. Who euer saw v

Dogges, Cowards, Dastard

But that they left me 'midst

Reigneir. Salisbury is a d

He fighteth as one weary o

The other Lords, like Lyon

Doe rush vpon vs as their

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